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COME, STOP YOUR BLUFFING.

Despite THE EVENING WORLD's liberal offer of our esteemed evening contemporary, with a persistent and fatiguing fondness for bluffing, still maintains its bluffing legend at the head of its editorial column:

The circulation of THE EVENING SUN is larger than that of any other evening paper in the United States.

The non-acceptance of our friendly offer, however, leads disgruntled observers to the conclusion that the Evening Sun recognizes that it is too coy to admit that the circulation of THE EVENING WORLD is at least 25 per cent. greater than its own.

But we will not be mean about this matter. The Evening Sun will have another chance. The offer is revised as follows:

THE EVENING WORLD hereby agrees to pay \$2,000 in cash to the Press Club's charity fund if, upon thorough examination, its bona fide circulation is not found to be every day in the week at least 30 per cent. larger than that of the Evening Sun—three prominent advertisers to be the judges.

And, if this generous offer is not accepted within the constitutional limit of ten days, we shall increase the percentage again.

IS JUSTICE TO BE DONE?

A number of instances in which the police seem to have exceeded their rights and duties under laws which are supposed to govern them as well as other citizens, have come to light within a few days.

But most conspicuous and glaring among them all is the case of Patrolman PATRICK LAVIN, who is known to have admitted that he clubbed Janitor Prosser after he, Prosser, was "down." Prosser died of his injuries, and Chronos Schultze held an inquest which was a mere farce.

Is justice to be done in this case, and if so, who is to do it?

THE PATRON SAINT OF IRIN.

Though born in Great Britain, from which Ireland has since been so sadly divided by seas and tyrannies, Saint PATRICK gave his name and his fame to the green island which keeps his memory sacred.

All over Erin he lives in the names of loch, village and mountain, and his good deeds have come down the ages unmarred by a single reproach.

Surely no people have a patron saint better worth honoring in their own or an adopted land than the good old missionary who herded swine on the hills of Slannish fifteen hundred years ago.

OFF ON THEIR CUBA JAUNT.

PART OF THE LATE ADMINISTRATION OUT FOR RECREATION.

Grover Cleveland, Don M. Dickinson and William F. V. were on a good breakfast this morning at the Victoria Hotel, and at 10 o'clock skipped into a carriage and were bowled down to the Desbrosses street ferry. The three merry fellows were off for a mild tour. They were going to Cuba to give a gentle coating of vermilion to Havana.

Grover was celebrating his fifty-second birthday by this outing.

Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Vilas came over from Washington last Saturday in the Limited Express, which arrived here at 8.20 a. m. The Cuban party expected to start at midnight yesterday, but Mr. Cleveland dined out and did not get home much before that hour, so the departure was deferred till this morning.

It was intended to make this a Cabinet party, including all the Secretaries. But Mr. Endicott is busy getting ready to go to Europe, Mr. Whitney is detained by some business that demands his attention in New York and Mr. Fairchild was prevented by some unexpected event that knocked him out.

THE EVENING WORLD reporter called on the ex-Secretary of the Treasury at the Brevoort this morning at 10 o'clock. Mr. Fairchild had just finished a comfortable breakfast and was enjoying a choice cigar in the smoking-room.

"Yes," he said with a smile to the reporter, "I expected to be off with them this morning, but I found I couldn't go. It is quite a disappointment for it was a nice party of congenial spirits and the trip is purely for purposes of recreation."

Mr. Bayard and Mr. Dickinson started the idea. They were going and got the others to come. Mr. Cleveland was in New York and Mr. Vilas Saturday, and told them I couldn't go.

"They will go right through to Florida by the Atlantic Coast line in a special Pullman. They will pick up Mr. Bayard in Washington this afternoon."

"They will stop a day or two at St. Augustine and then go on to the season for a steamer of the Plant line, and in thirty hours will be in Havana."

"They won't be gone more than ten days. No ladies were taken along on account of the trip being a pretty rough one. They were all pretty tired after their official labors in Washington, and they are taking a rest."

"Did Mr. Cleveland take his fishing-line along?" asked the reporter.

"Well, there was some talk about fishing, and I suspect he has a stout line in his grip-sack. But I believe this is not the season for tarpon, and what would Florida fishing be without hooking a tarpon?"

"It is a pity you were not able to go, too," said the reporter.

"Yes, I'm rather sorry to miss it. I think they will have a good time," said Mr. Fairchild, with a knowing smile.

Zion Lodge Extends Sympathy to Ireland. Zion Lodge, Independent Order Free Sons of Israel, paid a fraternal visit to David Webster Lodge at its rooms in the Florence Building last evening. Julius H. H. was the guest of honor.

Deputy Grand Master, on behalf of Zion Lodge, delivered an address on the Feast of Purim. Among other things, he said that the Jews were persecuted and oppressed and have a constitutional government of their own.

Speakers were made by J. L. Lewinsohn, Dr. Franklin, Joseph Steiner and Nathan L. Hahn.

The camp of Oklahoma boomers in Indian Territory is broken up by a troop of cavalry on Fort Reno.

President and Mrs. Cleveland attend Dr. Parkman's Presbyterian Church in Madison Square.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

New York is not at all disconcerted at the growing rumor that Kansas City is to be the future great city of America. Life in Kansas City is rendered too tedious, by reason of the constant danger of falling over a bluff, for the population ever to become excessively large.

The discovery of a conscience in a Republican Senator has shocked his entire party. Strong efforts will be made to induce Senator Chase to withhold his resignation. For a Republican office-holder to resign because he didn't believe he was legally elected would be a fearfully compromising precedent!

The Legislature of California adjourned sine die yesterday to see a rattling prize-fight. Two of the Senators looked the pugilists, and it is supposed that when this august body of lawmakers is reconvened a vote of thanks to the gentlemen of the ring for their instructive and kind exhibition will be expressed and spread on the minutes. If the time ever comes when Mr. John L. Sullivan is annexed at the consequence of his apices in the East the California Legislature would evidently offer him a future.

Ant Emily Ward, of Detroit, enjoys the reputation as well as the satisfaction of having given a start to, and in some cases reared, a number of poor boys who have since become millionaires. It is pleasant, too, to think that this estimable old lady has never been subjected to the mortification of seeing any of her protégés in either the Penitentiary or the United States Senate.

Mme. Diss Debar has joined her fortunes to those of a noted magician, and they will appear on the same platform to charm dollars out of the public pocket.

Oh, Diss Debar, then can it be That dissolves have a charm for thee? Where is the Marsh-light that once glowed To the day when a woman's life's road Was it an ignominious fate?

To suffer thus to labor thus? Oh, Diss Debar, say if you can Have you Disbarred your Lotherman?

Friends of Warner Miller who fought with him when he fell just beyond the breastworks should at least have the job of digging the trenches out. It is believed the breastworks were almost destroyed.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. John Wamaker, wife of the Postmaster-General, has left Nice for Florence and will travel through Italy before returning to Paris. She is expected home late in the Spring.

A correspondent writing from Athens says that a remarkable feature of Athenian society is the beauty of the women, at least 90 per cent. of the women and young girls seen at the balls being positively pretty.

The handsome man of President Harrison's Cabinet is Gen. Noble, the Secretary of the Interior. He is rather short in stature, but has a fine head, with white hair, white mustache and imperial and expressive blue eyes.

One of the most valued treasures of the Keystone Club, of Philadelphia, is an ancient receipt for making punch. It was the result of the labor of a distinguished German scientist, and came into the possession of the Club some years ago.

THAT CUCKOO CLOCK.

Jones Hanges His Handsome Birthday Present Above His Bed and Retires.

(From the Journal Weekly.)

THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE!

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO!

THE CLOCK STRIKES THREE!

THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR!

THE CLOCK STRIKES FIVE!

THE CLOCK STRIKES SIX!

THE CLOCK STRIKES SEVEN!

THE CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT!

THE CLOCK STRIKES NINE!

THE CLOCK STRIKES TEN!

THE CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN!

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE!

THE CLOCK STRIKES ONE!

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO!

THE CLOCK STRIKES THREE!

THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR!

THE CLOCK STRIKES FIVE!

THE CLOCK STRIKES SIX!

THE CLOCK STRIKES SEVEN!

THE CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT!

THE CLOCK STRIKES NINE!

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THE CLOCK STRIKES TEN!

STILL AT THE PIGS.

Young and Old Striving to Surpass Previous Records.

A Tempting Challenge from a "Champion Puzzle Solver."

The Ladies Try Their Hands With Good Success.

Interest in that rattle-dazzle game of pig-driving has assumed such alarming proportions that from being an innocent and instructive little puzzle, designed to while away a few idle minutes, it has now become the bone of contention for the claim to "Champion Pig-Driver," founded on the surprising quick records which have been sent to the office of THE EVENING WORLD, and which records several emulative people have striven to surpass.

It was a noteworthy fact that until to-day none of the gentler sex had contributed their records to the general list. Two, however, have broken the silence and submit their records, twenty and thirteen seconds respectively.

One enthusiastic individual, who signs himself "Champion Puzzle Solver of the Sixth Ward," having made a record of fourteen seconds, came out boldly and challenges any one for \$50 a side to beat his time.

This may be found interesting to many who claim to have penned the pigs in time ranging from 5.5 to 8 seconds.

Another inventive genius has discovered that the truly artistic way of manipulating the pigs is to balance the box on the feet, and by a rocking motion persuade them to enter the pen.

A Little Boy's Good Record.

I have a little boy ten years of age who has put the pigs in the pen in seven seconds. His name is George Arthur Richards, and I will back him against all comers under fifteen years of age.

The Ladies Are Beginning.

I read that no ladies had as yet reported their efforts at pig-driving, so I will lead by reporting to have driven the pigs triumphantly in the pen in twenty seconds by the watch in the presence of my parents.

A Challenge for Ladies.

I challenge any woman in New Jersey to put the pigs in clover as quickly as my wife can. Four pigs in clover, thirteen seconds; seven pigs in clover, five and a half minutes. If you can find any woman to beat this please trot her out.

A Record of Six Seconds.

I penned the pigs in seven seconds from the time I commenced, and since then I can pen them in six seconds. Tell your readers to pen all the large ones first, then get the small one in, at the same time, and you will have the city has been unimpaired. My feet are large and well developed.

A New Way of Driving.

The only truly artistic way to drive those pigs into the pen is to do it with your feet. Place the puzzle on your foot with the door of the pen towards you, resting your heels on the floor, and drive the pigs in by tilting the box back and forth. I did it last night in 2 minutes and 15 seconds. I am a young man, and my feet are large and well developed.

Wants to Start a Tournament.

Will you please publish my claim to the amateur championship of pigs in clover penning. I have done this puzzle in 5.5 seconds, being timed correctly by the ticks of a watch, and also by a second hand. I have done it a number of times in 7 seconds, and several times in 6 seconds. I am prepared to offer proof of my record on any day.

As you will probably have a number of quick records sent to you, I would suggest that THE EVENING WORLD get up a tournament to decide the championship by an average time on about five trials.

Challenge from a Doubting Thomas.

I do not believe one word of some of these gentlemen claiming to have put the pigs in the pen in eight seconds; it could not be done in one chance out of a hundred. I am speaking of facts. I have tried this puzzle over sixty times, and the quickest time I have done the puzzle was in fourteen seconds, which is remarkable time. I do not believe there is any man who can do it as quick. Now to show that I mean business, I will challenge any one, no matter who he may be, for \$50 a side, man and money to be found if challenge is sent through this paper, at Thomas Maher's, corner Pearl and Centre streets, New York.

"PIGS IN CLOVER."

The other day I came Across a little game. I know you'll find the same The city over.

I bought one just to see How easy it would be To drive those piggies over From out the clover.

I gave a happy grin, I almost had them in, If it had not been For one sad rover.

Shaking it I tried, They ran round the side, And plainly me defied, Those Pigs in Clover.

"Ha, ha! now this is fun, I will before I've done, Send every single one Right into 'Dover.'"

One-two-three, oh, Lor! I thought I had them, But they all skipped from the door, Those Pigs in Clover.

Now I've got them in the lane, Oh, I've not, there off again, Oh, Heaven! I'll go insane And find a gray rooster.

This puzzle that was first a lamb Has turned into an untamed ram, My head, my head! Oh! Oh! Confound Those Pigs in Clover.

CHIT.

THE GREAT BENEFIT OF MORVELL'S THERMAL COMBAL

is tried by all who use it. 25 CENTS.

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR.

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OPEN AND NO LICENSE.

The Girl Singer's Death Reveals a Violation of Law.

Stein's Theatrical License Expired on March 1 Last.

And He Has Been Running Without One Ever Since That Date.

Capt. McCullagh, of the Fourteenth Precinct, was summoned to Police Headquarters this morning, and was accompanied by Adolph Stein, proprietor of the concert saloon No. 36 First street, where Babbette Stein, whose stage name is Amelia Cottle, died suddenly last evening, as alleged, at the conclusion of a ballad she sang under protest on account of ill-health.

Mr. Stein was very indignant and said that he held a concert license from the Mayor's Marshal. He denied that the unfortunate ballad singer performed on Sunday or that she fell bleeding from hemorrhage on the stage.

Inspector Williams, who instituted the inquiry this morning, says that, in view of the presence of a special license from the Mayor, he can speak but little English, and do nothing to suppress it unless for the sale of liquor, if Stein is detected in the act, and no action will be taken against either Capt. McCullagh or Mr. Stein.

Mr. Stein, also stated that the woman was engaged to sing in his place six weeks ago. She reached the place last night about 7.30. It had not come her turn to sing and she was sitting at a table near the stage when she was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The manager on whom she was engaged rushed into a side room. From there she was carried upstairs.

Dr. Franz Serr, of 42 Second street, was sent for and resided the woman died. Five minutes after her arrival the woman died.

The body, on the strength of Dr. Serr's certificate, was removed to a mortuary establishment at 133 First avenue. From there it was taken to her residence at 231 East Ninety-sixth street this morning.

The young woman leaves a husband, a painter, who is working every day, and one child.

Her husband stated this morning that she had sung in concert halls all her life and that Mr. Stein had always treated her kindly. He married his wife ten years ago in Germany.

They were trying to save up enough money to return to that country. He said she had been a sufferer from consumption for a long time.

At the City Hall it was learned that a concert license had been issued to Rudolph Stein Nov. 30, 1888, and expired March 1, 1889.

Some days prior to its expiration he made application to Mayor Grant for a renewal. The matter was referred by the Mayor to the Police Department for a report.

Capt. McCullagh reported the character of the place, its proprietors, frequenters and entertainment as "good."

He was one of the first callers at the Mayor's office this morning, and wanted Mayor Grant to issue a license to issue him a license and post-date it.

Dominick had read the papers, however, and asked him to wait the Mayor's coming. Stein concluded to wait, and he did well to leave, for when Mayor Grant came and was informed of the gentleman's errand he was very indignant, and might have given the concert hall proprietor a sound lecture.

Mr. Stein will not get a new license.

THOSE IRISH SNAKES.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS STILL TRYING TO SETTLE THE QUEER PROBLEM.

Still Another Experiment.

I listen to send in my contribution on Irish snakes. I was well acquainted with a young man who had amassed a considerable sum of money at the Kimberly diamond fields, South Africa, and had decided to visit his native land. He brought with him a great many euros, and among the rest a few snakes. He proved to be a very good writer, and I let him know how his pets fared. He had a money and also a few other animals, which he had obtained in Madagascar. They were all very tame, and he declared on arriving at Dublin en route for Cork, died.

JOHN S. MCCONNELL, Brooklyn, March 15.

Some Timely Suggestions.

I have read with interest the numerous communications published by you in relation to the absence of snakes in Ireland.

It is an undoubted fact that none exist there in a wild state, and the one which an Englishman claims to have seen was simply an old man in a very young man's skin, recently seen in the newspapers, and it is a well-known fact that when the water in the pond they may inhabit becomes low in consequence of a dry season these amphibious creatures in search of other quarters, and are often mistaken for snakes by those unfamiliar with their habits and appearance.

It is a well-known fact that the country that is free from snakes, and I am surprised that none of the communications received by you make mention of the fact that New Zealand, the adjacent island, is literally alive with them. It is claimed by some that the climate of Ireland is too wet and cold, and that snakes cannot live and increase on that account. This theory will not explain their absence from New Zealand, as the climate of that country is everything that could be desired. Is it not a most remarkable and extraordinary fact that those two islands are the almost exact antipodes of each other and are the only two countries in the world where snakes do not exist?

The only wild animal New Zealand is the pig, the descendants of some left there by Capt. Cook. These wild pigs are to be found everywhere and are almost as numerous as their tame brethren in Ireland, thus making another cause of similarity between the two countries.

G. K. R., Twelfth street, New York.

Mrs. Langtry Almost Well.

Mrs. Langtry is almost well to-day, and intends to go to Philadelphia to-morrow to fill her engagement there.

Dr. R. H. Curtis, her physician, says she suffered a relapse Saturday night, but had recovered from it when he made his afternoon call yesterday, and was still further improved this morning.

Those Pigs in Clover.

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KIDNAPPED.

A Man Dragged 800 Miles from Home to Ludlow Street Jail.

Not an Hour Allowed Him for an Appeal to Justice.

Plugge Is Accused of a Forgery Done in the Netherlands a Year Ago.

Edward C. Plugge, a Hollander, is locked up in Ludlow Street Jail, and claims that he has been kidnapped from Grand Rapids, Mich., and brought to this city by Federal officers of justice in a delirious state.

The arrest was made by Deputy United States Marshal Carmody, of the Southern New York District, who held a warrant issued by United States Commissioner John A. Shields, on the complaint of John Edward Planton, who charges Plugge with forgery.

An EVENING WORLD reporter visited the jail this morning and saw the prisoner. He came down into the Warden's office. Plugge is a tall, wiry man of about forty-five years of age. He has a bushy, dark beard, cut square, and blue eyes.

He was dressed in his working clothing. Although he has been in the country nearly two years, he can speak but little English, and it was not until after considerable difficulty that his story was learned.

According to his statement he lived at 44 Mulder street, Grand Rapids, with a wife and seven children. He was a watchmaker and was the foreman of a department in a manufacturing.